Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince, How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis?*

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to ——

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeeres: berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou bee ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the Bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Francis. Let mee ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall bee.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, 'twas but a penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*?

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth-tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, looke to the Gheſts within. My Lo a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I

Prin. Let them alone a while, and

Poines. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt doore, ſhall wee bee merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my cunning match haue you made wi come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, th humors, ſince the old daies of good n of this preſent Twelue a clocke at m *Francis?*

Francis. Anon, anon ſir.

Prince. That euer this fellow ſhou a Parrat, and yet the ſon of a Woma and downe ſtaires, his eloquence t am not yet of *Percys* minde, the *H* kils me ſome 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* a hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie v work, O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhee to day? Giue my Roan horſe a dren ſome fourteene, an hour after: a tri *Falſtaffe*, ile play *Percy*, and that Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, ſaies call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaf

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſa mary and Amen: giue me a cup of ſa life long, ile ſow netherſtocks, and too. A plague of all cowards; Giue there no vertue extant?

Prince, Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* full hearted *Titan*, that melted at t thou didſt, then behold that comp

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